

# The Pocahontas Times.

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Andrew Price, Editor

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## THE WHISTLING BOY.

In there a sound in the world so sweet, on a dark and dreary morn,  
When the gloom without meets the gloom within, till we wish we'd not been born,  
As the sound of a little barefoot boy gayly whistling in the rain,  
While he drive the cows to pastures green, down the path in the muddy lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by autumn rain:  
His clothes and his lands and his sturdy feet are not spoiled by grime or stain:

The world to him is a wonderful place that he means some day to explore;  
If there's time to play and plenty to eat who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cherry trill of a heart as fresh as the drops that clear the air,  
Brings a smile to our lips and clears the soul of the gloom that brooded there

And we bless the boy as he spins along through rivers of rain and mud,  
For the hope and cheer in that whistle and note would rainbow the sky in a flood.

CELIA S. BERTKRESSER, in the July Ladies' Home Journal.

For The Pocahontas Times

## The Treasure Trove.

XXIV.

THE enforced wait caused Weston to form one of the audience who listened to the trial of the case against the colored man. The law is very strict in enjoining good manners on people at church. The measure provided is that the worshiper must not be disturbed. His mind must be allowed to remain upon that high plane of religious feeling, and any thing which produces a discord and breaks the charm is disorder, and the courts are very severe on the man who is responsible for it.

It is impossible for the law to insure perfect security for a state of religious ecstasy. For instance, if a lady appears in a bonnet that turns the hearts of her sisters to gall and wormwood with envy, she can not be indicted for it. If a brother's eyes wander from the preacher's face through the windows to the fields beyond until they rest on a fat steer and his thoughts turn to his cattle, the cow-beast can not be abated as a nuisance.

But if the gent from high up on Bitter Creek comes dashing up to the meeting with a jug of liquor slung to his saddle, and comes into the Presence with defiant air and clanking of spurs, and laughs and talks and leers at the young women, and is ominous of trouble if he is interrupted, why then an outraged feeling takes possession of the staid people of the church, and they feel like it is an open insult to the Higher Power and that they must avenge it. They should scourge him from the temple. A few cases of tearing such bullies limb from limb, in the stern style of the Christians of ancient times, would teach those capable of improvement better manners. But the plan pursued is to appear before the Grand Jury, and in due time the bully appears in Court, as much abashed by that assembly as he was boisterous in the other, and justice is meted out to him.

The case which we propose to relate seemed very serious when the State had closed. The colored man, Billy Butler, had been sitting in the gallery at Mount Horeb one day and had suddenly laughed in time of prayer. Not a gentle expression of amusement, but a regular guffaw that could be heard a half-mile. The prayer was not finished, and Billy and another colored man had rushed from the church and hid in the woods several days as fugitives from justice. The witness all solemnly swore they were disturbed.

Colonel Wilson had Billy take the stand and said encouragingly, "Now, Billy, tell the Judge all about your laughing out in church." "All right, boss. You see, judge, I did n't mean to do hit 'n' tall. I 'tends my own chu'ch, and I is an unworthy class-leader, sub, sometimes. Dis Sunday on dis occasion I 'tended white folk's meeting cause old Mas'r Henry's boy gwine ter preach, and he call on Mr Charley Haukenbaugh ter lead th' prayer. De day were powerful hot and Mr Charley start in on his Sunday prayer, and everybody

kneel down, and Benny huh kneel down side er me. We wuz de only cullud pussions in de gallery.

"Mr Charley he pray est pray, and de white folks lots of dem wuz lookin' erround kinder keepin' one ear a timin' Mr Charley. Mr Charley he done cum to de place he pray fer dem outside de palin's ob de chu'ch, en I kotch sight ob old Mas'r Henry. He's a great big fat man, Jedge, and he wuz kneeling 'n' down ober a bench and he clothes wuz stretched tight and dar wuz a split en de flies dey was a-wukin' in end a-wukin' out, like a pussel of bees erackly. Soon es dat fool Benny see I see dem flies he lean ober and 'mark, 'I found dat bee-tree, 'en I bus' out laughin'. I jest pintedly could n't he'p it."

A wave of laughter rippled thro' the court-room, and the Judge, to whom a bit of a joke in court comes as a boon, turned to the Prosecuting Attorney and said:

"Do you think, Mr McNaughton, that this boy is telling the truth?"

"I hav' n't the least doubt of it, your honor."

"Well then we had better ask the jury to enter a verdict of 'not guilty' in the box."

The court adjourned for its noon recess, and Colonel Wilson pressed through the crowd with Weston and the Tugs, avoiding many who wanted to speak with him. He proceeded to his office, successfully avoiding all, except an elderly gentleman, a "prominent citizen," who would have his opinion on a matter of importance. Thirty years before he had given a "turnpike company a right of way; they had promised to put him in a cattle calvert. They had not done so and the road had become the property of the county. Could he compel the county to build the culvert?"

"Say, Frank, when does Presbytery meet?"

"The 20th of September, sub; why?" he asked off his guard.

"Oh, that would be a good case to lay before Presbytery, but it would go to pieces in Court," replied the Colonel. "Come on, boys."

The dissatisfied client went around all day declardig that the Colonel "Did not treat me like a gentleman, sub."

It only took a few moments to place Colonel Wilson in possession of their trump card. The Colonel's eyes came as near sparkling as a lawyer's ever do as he exclaimed, "We'll trade Judson one for the other."

A messenger brought Judson around to the lawyer's office. Weston managed the affair.

"Mr Judson," he said, "I want to see whether we can not compromise our suit."

"I never compromise, young man. All or nothing with me."

"Well, all of us are in the secret and I want to make a proposition to you before Colonel Wilson and these friends of mine with whom I have been camping on Laurel River."

"Well, I bet you did n't corrupt my nigger, and if you say you have 'captured him I won't talk business till I see him."

"Let me finish. That lot of gold is not the only thing which lies buried on your farm. On the upper side of that elm-tree, Mr Judson? I'll trade you what is there for your claim on the money I honestly found, and give you \$100 to bind the bargain. If you refuse we will detain you here until we dig there and see what is to be seen."

The hard-featured farmer sat apparently unmoved. He had no ordinary nerves. He recognized the strength of the argument and said:

"I guess you are fooling me, but if you pay the costs and my lawyer beside I'll take you up."

This was agreed to and the suit was dismissed. He was compelled to go into court and dismiss the suit and enter the contract to be recorded. He rode home. The next day he started his plows and prepared the ground around the elm-tree for an early seeding in wheat. There can be little doubt

that the bones of the murdered man found another resting place shortly, and Robert still thinks that the body is interred beneath the elm.

It is now necessary to wind up this little ball of yarn.

Judson has since died raving in such a manner that his wife let no man come into the room. And she has since borne evidence of knowing what can not be revealed that causes people to talk and to pity her.

The Cassidy's came to Weston's wedding. They were as happy as could be, both worshipping a young stranger of the same name. Weston has two proteges, the Tugs, with whom he spends several weeks each summer in the woods. He keeps them in a constant state of gratitude with suitable presents. They are the best-equipped tugs in the mountains.

Weston and Mary were married in the fall and lived happily over afterward; with which short and sweet statement, we write

THE END.

## POST-SCRIPT.

Thus endeth a serial story written by one who never reads stories thus printed, tho he realizes that it is best to take same tales in broken doses. At several times during the six months it has been running we have felt like apologizing for its being long drawn out, and will say now that when it was begun it was the intention to divide it into two or three chapters. Getting in was easier than getting out; but now it is ended, with the people therein neither saying or doing what was intended for them. It would be the part of an ingrate not to acknowledge the kindness of a number of our friends, who when we were being agitated by fears that we were boring them to death, showed that they were reading the chapters with some interest as they came out. And especially do we value the opinion of a man who has raised more cattle than he has read books, who asked us if there was any such man as Weston living, and who was interested in the story.

## A MAY DAY IN 1857.

W. T. P.

A few weeks since the writer, while in Greenbrier, spent a day or two in a home that revived touching memories of a day spent there early in May, 1857, in company with a young pastor of two interesting churches amid the adjacent Greenbrier hills and dales. It was at the time a rural home of rare loveliness, and as I think of that scene as it presented itself to us as we turned from the main road, leading from Frankford to Lewisburg, and passed the gate the words of the sweet singer of Grassmere are recalled:

"Meek loveliness is around thee spread, A softness still and holy; The grace of forest charms decayed, And pastoral melancholy."

At the time of our visit a highly accomplished and attractive young lady was teaching in the family. A year or two after that she was married to a young professor of Greek in a Southern college, and to whom she was then engaged. Her married life, though very auspicious, was but brief. She left her sweet valley home under the shadows of the Blue Ridge, the loveliest of brides, but ere long returned to be laid to rest beside the dear mother whose spirit had preceded hers to heaven.

At noon recess she met us in the parlor and entertained us delightfully by her sprightly conversation and sweet singing. It was then the writer heard for about the first time the sentimental song, "T'd offer thee this hand of mine," and was much impressed with its beautiful sentiments.

The writer complimented the song as being so beautifully touching, but she observed it was no favorite with her for she could not help reading something very deplorable and treacherous between the lines. In her opinion the song would not be admired by any per-

son unless there was an engagement he was tired of and wished to have broken off, and if any one should ask her to sing that song with the sentiment she would soon give him to understand that he ought not to take matters so hard as all that.

Suffice it to say we had a discussion in which we differed very widely. In the meantime the clock struck the hour for school, she arose having the last word, but both of the opinion still when we parted, as events turned out, to meet no more in this life. My ministerial friend agreed with her in the opinion that it was the sentiment of one who was tired of his engagement ring, and there was another discussion in which neither was convinced. Late in the afternoon he and I separated. He went to the Blue Sulphur and I to Frankford. We never met afterward for he passed away sooner than the sweet songstress, so skeptical of the poet's purity and sincerity of intention.

It was years afterward that it was our pleasure to learn something of the circumstances under which the song in question was written. According to the Lynchburg (Va.) News, the name of the writer was Bransford Vawter, who died too young to have learned how his worth would have been estimated by the world. He wrote one of the simplest and most plaintive compositions in the English language, suggested by a tender and sincere attachment for one of Lynchburg's purest and best young ladies, far above him in social standing and pecuniary advantages. Her name is not given, for the reason it would not be proper to invade the sanctity of the tomb and print the name of a woman so lovely as to inspire such a song. For years the flowers have bloomed and drooped above her dust, but her heart was Bransford's.

It seems that at first the poem was attributed to Thomas Moore, and the American journals have copied it extensively and repeatedly, never dreaming it to be the sudden and irresistible expression of the feelings of a Lynchburg youth and that it was written in a log cabin at the point known as the corner of Main and Ninth streets.

This is the poem: "I leave thee in thy happiness As one too dear to love— As one I think of but to bless As wretchedly I rove. And oh, when sorrow's cup I drink, All bitter though it be, How sweet it will be for me to think It holds no drop for thee.

"And now my dreams are sadly o'er, Fate bids them all depart, And I must leave my native shore, In brokenness of heart. And oh, dear one when far from thee, I'll never know joy again: I would not that one thought of me, Would give thy bosom pain."

About the year 1824 this poem appeared in the Lynchburg Press, and was very extensively copied by the papers and magazines. It is a matter of uncertainty where Bransford Vawter is buried, but however his obscurity this spontaneous outburst of his young and guileless heart has been treasured in costly bindings and sung in many a refined and happy home. It is of no avail to form conjectures as to what the future of this bright and promising youth would have been, had Providence spared him to his friends and to Virginia. His purity of character, tenderness of heart, moral courage and inspiring eloquence of expression gave promise of a very brilliant life, indeed. As it was, however, ere this rare endowment had become known even to those nearest him, those who loved him were called to gather around a newly made grave and perform the last tender offices in memory of Bransford Vawter.

Of those who listened to the singing that beautiful day, in that rural Greenbrier home, but one survives besides the writer, and it is more than probable that she has no recollection of it whatever, as she was then a little girl.

## THE THREE FORKS OF CRANBERRY.

The Cranberry country is nothing if not solitary. When the lawyer of Marlinton, worn out by his arduous duties and his overwhelming cares, flees as a bird to the mountain to forget the struggle for existence, he hopes to see no strange face. There duns are neither given or required, and all who have camped at the Forks of Cranberry know that it is very unusual to meet a stranger there. Last Wednesday-week a party of Marlinton men were in camp there, when the place suddenly swarmed with Greenbrier and Nicholas men. They came as a band of Indians might have come upon a camp of white men a century ago.

The expedition was a survey, such as has been frequently instituted to settle the frontier boundary line of two counties. A year or two ago they were trying a man at Lewisburg for stealing a hog, and when the prosecuting attorney asked the perfunctory but very necessary question, What county did this happen in? he unexpectedly struck a snag, for the witness was divided in his mind whether the pig-pen was in Greenbrier or Nicholas, and the man went clear. The great American hog must be protected at any cost, and therefore the counties of Greenbrier and Nicholas appointed surveyors, and the hog has been slain and eaten, the survey bills already amounting to hundreds of dollars.

The old act of the legislature gave a bearing to the Three Forks of Cranberry. The survey ran a line twenty-two miles long and came to Cranberry. Their course would have brought them near the three forks of Williams River, which is probably the point meant.

The country west of them had been lopped off of Greenbrier to form Nicholas, Pocahontas, and Webster, but they needed the Three Forks to verify the bearing. An English Surveyor named Henderson, a son-in-law of the Honorable Charles Buster, Clerk of the County Court of Greenbrier county, headed the expedition, and they left their tent pitched on the banks of Cranberry in quest of three forks. They measured the bed of the stream from Dogway to the Forks of Cranberry and found it nearly five miles; but the third fork was not forthcoming. The stream at the Forks was singularly devoid of runs large enough to be classed as a fork, and the expedition returned unsatisfied and very hungry.

There were ten men in the party and they had brought very little grub. They arrived tired and wet and built a camp and made a monstrous log-heap, and talked three forks to the Marlinton gang who were comfortably situated in a lean-to tent and plenty to eat. The commissary department was absent and it leaked out that two Cobbs from Webster had promised to have a deer for them. The Cobbs did not turn up, and they suggested that the presence of the Prosecuting Attorney of Pocahontas was to blame for it. But those acquainted with deer know that an event contingent upon killing a deer rarely materializes.

The party explored both forks next morning, and went away to report to court and get further instructions.

One member of the party of whom we must make special mention was the Honorable Jake McClung, a member of the County Court of Nicholas, who informed us that as a young man he had worked for Mr S. H. Clark and Captain McNeel, of the Levels.

"During the hot weather last summer I had a severe attack of cholera morbus, necessitating my leaving my business," says Mr C. A. Hare, of Hare Bros., Fincastle, O. "After taking two or three doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy I was completely relieved and in a few hours was able to resume my work in the store. I sincerely recommend it to any one afflicted with stomach or bowel trouble." For sale by Amos Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow & Moore, Edray.

## THE SPANISH IN MANILLA.

In the time of Philip the Second 1570, Spain was the preponderant power in the civilized world. His revenues were far in excess of any other crowned ruler, his armies regarded as the most formidable in Europe and his power over the seas questioned by none but the Turk. So in every international respect the supremacy of Spain was the consternation of the nations, and how this could be avoided was the most lively of the problems that confronted European statesmen for an entire century. Finally this much dreaded power waned, but it was not the efforts of opposing statesmen that brought about this much wished for result. For internal were the true effective causes of Spain's decadence. Numerous they were, yet all may be recognized as springing from conservatism, pride and clericalism.

More or less all Spanish colonies were places where clericalism rioted without restraint. Among the colonies, it seems, none suffered more than the Philippines from the usurpation of the clericals in the name of religion. The missions of the Augustinian Recollects as far back as 1719 had acquired such prominence in colonial affairs that the history of the Philippine Spanish Colony seems rather made up of the records of the Augustinian province of St Nicholas than those of a royal or political dependency.

About 1720 Bastinelo was appointed governor at Manilla, and he thought he would make a clean sweep as he was a new governmental broom, when he discovered that all the officers had embezzled and pilfered so as to leave the treasury almost empty. He made a searching investigation for facts and was proceeding to punish the guilty who at once sought refuge in the churches.

One official in particular had purloined official records needed to verify accounts had refused in a church. Bastillo requested the Arch-bishop in charge to make the absconding official return the civil records. The Arch-bishop replied with a learned argument prepared by a Jesuit, designed to prove that the Governor's request was illegal. Bastillo was incensed by this and put the Archbishop under arrest, who at once put a terrible interdiction over the city, warning people at the peril of their souls against the Governor.

The monks, friars and devotees turned out in full force and moved along the streets, holding their crucifixes aloft like flags and proclaiming in loud wailing tones, "Viva la fe! Viva la gloria!" (Let faith live! Let the Church live!) The excited populace, to save their souls, rallied around the crucifixes, followed the friars to the palace, battered down gates and doors and slew Bastillo and his son, and released the Archbishop. The Archbishop took the deal governor's chair, became governor and managed the affairs of the colony under the advice of an assembly consisting entirely of ecclesiastical functionaries.

In such frequently recurring troubles between the secular and clerical authorities the Inquisition was not behind hand, though there was no organized inquisitorial tribunal in Manilla.

The history of the Spanish people affords an impressive object lesson of what pride, conservatism and meddling clericalism will do with the noblest and highest of the nations in a very few generations.

Writing of the thirteen-inch gun used in our navy, a writer in the Engineering Magazine says: "It is difficult to appreciate the power, and at the same time the delicacy, of these great fighting-machines. At the muzzle the immense projectile has been forced through twenty-seven inches of Harveyized steel. At two thousand yards the penetration is twenty-two and one-half inches. The extreme range is thirteen miles. The projectile leaves the gun with a velocity of 2200 feet per second, or 1400 miles per hour. A shot can be fired every one and one-half minutes for a period of several hours. The force imparted to the projectile, if properly applied, would lift a battle ship bodily three feet, and yet this great machine, weighing 145,000 pounds, is as accurate as a high-grade watch."

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